[45-120]

Edición bilingüe de
Bilingual edition by

JUF

BEA ORTEGA BOTAS
LETO YBARRA

Poemas de
Poems by

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CEDAR SIGO
NAYARE SOLEDAD
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CANICHE

los 45 y los 120 cm que rodea a una persona. Esta antología bilingüe reúne el trabajo de dieciocho poetas contemporáneos que parten de esta medida íntima para desafiar su aparente rigidez y explorar cómo los factores políticos, sociales, sexuales, raciales, de clase y accesibilidad la moldean. Más allá de una simple distancia física, el espacio personal se convierte también en un escenario donde el deseo dibuja y negocia las fronteras entre el adentro y el afuera.

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CANiCHE

at the GOA

in the bathroom I didn't make it on time and I
threw up right next to the canal of the electric swans

the GOA the esplanade the morning is losing temperature and
I'm wearing your sweater that
you have lent me

On a little bench at the exit of Vitalic I threw up
and when I threw up I remembered my love right next to the canal

in the bathroom I watch you kissing me looking at me in
the mirror and three girls coming over here how you like it

the fight the mud certain moral cleanliness

I like the fight I remembered when you
vomited in the canal and I've lent you my sweater

that you are wearing when you go outside
the morning the low esplanade electric musk

it's cold it's true

and I've missed you

in the bathroom you smell so good you and your
sweater trapped between us extra-large colour

mud is going to
remember me of you in times different than this one although

now that I wear it I don't remember a thing or some swans
on a little bench at the exit of Vitalic I recall

me looking at you in the mirror and three girls approaching
you trembling after throwing up

when it's cold outside after an electric night
it's true but

now I don't remember for it's
like that

the pure cold
a blue esplanade in the low morning

briefly restores justice

the lowering